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ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

The Lakeside Series of English Readings

SELECTIONS

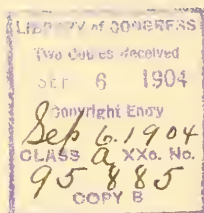
FROM THE WRITINGS OF

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

WITH NOTES AND QUESTIONS



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May 8, 1922.

PREFACE

On the training of youth is based the hope of the future; and as literature wields a potent influence in the formation of character, it is to this agency that educators turn as one of their chief defenses against the powers of destruction that threaten the stability of the social structure.

The part that Catholic authors have contributed to literature places them high in public esteem. Their works bearing the impress of their Faith, which in its beauty and elevating influence needs but to be seen to be loved, entitle them to be enshrined in our hearts and engraven on our minds.

It is from these sources that we have drawn for a series of studies adapted to the capacity of young minds, and which, we hope, will supply a long felt want in our Catholic preparatory schools.

In bringing Eleanor C. Donnelly to the acquaintance of pupils we are introducing one of the sweetest singers of the age. Her modesty interposes a barrier to further encomium, but familiarity with her poems, we do not hesitate to say, will complete the tribute here merely suggested.

THE COMPILER

INTRODUCTION

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY

When but eight years old Eleanor Cecilia Donnelly began to write verses, and from the time that she was nine, her beautiful poems and well-written stories have been constantly appearing in the best periodicals and newspapers of the country. Her pen has always been devoted to the extension of the Catholic cause and the elevation of Catholic literature.

She was born in Philadelphia, and was one of the seven children of Dr. Philip Donnelly and Catherine Gavin Donnelly. As Dr. Donnelly died when Eleanor was still an infant, the remarkable talent displayed by the child at so early an age was nurtured and directed by the mother, a gifted and accomplished woman.

Among her stories, "Amy's Music Box," "Pet-

ronilla and Other Stories," and "The Lost Christmas Tree" are favorites with young readers. Besides her stories and numerous contributions to various magazines, she has published at least a dozen volumes of poems. With a charm that has seldom been excelled, she has told in exquisite verse, the sweet old legends and stories of the past. Prominent among these are her "Vision of the Monk Gabriel," "The Bronze Berenice," "Borgia's Vow," "A Tuscan Magdalen," "Gaulberto's Victory," and the poems here presented for study, "Unseen Yet Seen," and "The Legend of the Robes."

Her sacred poems bespeak the strong faith and tender piety of their author. "The Hymn of Reparation," "Taken at Our Word," and "The Vision of the Wounds," move our hearts by their sweet pathos and haunt our memories by the reverent music of their lines.

The theme of Longfellow's "The Legend Beautiful," is the same as that of Miss Donnelly's "Vision of the Monk Gabriel." Longfellow wrote his poem eight years after Miss Donnelly published hers, and it is believed, took his inspiration from her. "A favorable opportunity was thus offered," remarks a reviewer, "for examining and contrast-

ing the respective work of both writers; and, while Longfellow's 'Legend' was compared to a statue boldly wrought in cold marble by the sculptor's deft hand, Miss Donnelly's 'Vision of the Monk Gabriel' was likened to an old painting in which warmth of imagination, artistic vigor, and tenderness of color and expression joined to make the picture life-like."

"It is impossible to read Miss Donnelly's poems," says one of her critics, "and not at least desire a better life, a closer union with Infinite Perfection." Another speaks of her as "a writer whose originality, abounding metaphor, grace of diction, sweetness of rhythm, fire, pathos, purity of sentiment, and sublimity of thought entitle her to rank among the first of American poets." And again, "The authoress is fully conversant with the wonders of nature and the workings of grace; and, like the clean of heart, she sees God in all things. Her muse ever tends to develop the better feelings of men, to excite pity for suffering, and charitable consideration for erring humanity, and, in all and above all, to promote the glory of God."

Miss Donnelly still resides in Philadelphia, where she is the center of a cultured circle of

admiring and devoted friends. Her native city has not been unmindful of the poetic talent of its gifted daughter, but has twice conferred upon her public literary honors. "It was her pen that was selected by the American Catholic Historical Society of which she is a valued member, to prepare an 'Ode' for the Philadelphia commemoration of the adoption of our National Constitution, as also the Columbian 'Ode' for her native city's celebration of the quadricentennial of the discovery of America." The honor of composing the "Odes" for the Golden Jubilees of the Priesthood and of the Episcopacy of His Holiness, Pope Leo XIII, was also conferred upon Miss Donnelly, by the Catholic literary world of America. The work elicited from His Holiness the Papal Benediction.

UNSEEN YET SEEN

One of the best known of Miss Donnelly's works is her exquisitely finished poem, "Unseen Yet Seen." It is a story with a moral, the author's purpose being, evidently, to teach the lesson of purity of intention—to show

**The
Purpose.**

How utterly false and mean we grow
When we work for the eyes of men alone;

—and how, not less unworthy is he who has "self" as the end of all his actions; for, she continues,

A selfish purpose narrows and numbs
All that is noble and fresh within us.

This valuable lesson is not merely implied, but is clearly expressed in these strong words:

That nothing avails us under the sun,
In word or work, save that which is done
For the honor and glory of God alone.

The whole poem is a beautiful paraphrase of the Gospel promise, "Thy Father who seeth in secret will repay thee," and of that other, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His justice, and all these things shall be added unto you."

In answer to an inquiry concerning the "thoughtful book," in which Miss Donnelly read of the "old cathedral over the sea," she says, "As regards

L. of C.

the query anent 'Unseen Yet Seen'—the lapse of years and the vast amount of work completed since its composition, make it difficult for me to recall the incident attendant on it. I have the impression that the 'book' referred to was the 'Life and Letters of Father Frederick William Faber.' And, if the 'cathedral' in question be not the cathedral of Milan, I know of none other that so perfectly expresses my simile."

Clear and simple, but strong and beautiful, like the little legend itself, is the style in which Miss Donnelly clothes her story. **The Style.** tone is earnest and dignified, and the diction sweet and musical. Well-chosen similes and metaphors abound, and in every instance make clear and enhance the thought expressed.

With the delicate touch of a master hand she has painted the picture of the old artist at his work "on roof and tower and belfry gray." The picture is warm and living with color and sound. Over it all falls the soft, dim light of the legendary past.

The meter employed is mixed iambic and anapestic tetrameter. The varied rhyme of the poem constitutes one of its many attractions, alternate rhyme, couplets, and triplets being interspersed with consummate taste. **The Verse.**

UNSEEN YET SEEN

- I have read somewhere in a thoughtful book,
Of an old cathedral over the sea
(A wonder of art, whose every nook
Is full of a charming mystery),
5 That up, high up, on the topmost point
Of roof and tower and belfry gray,
Which the gracious summer dew anoint,
And the birds frequent in their airy way:
There are marvels of sculpture, rare and fine,
10 Flower and fruit and trailing vine;
And lovely angels with folded wings,
Cut from the stone, like living things;
And pure Madonnas, and saints at prayer,
With reverent heads and flowing hair,—
15 Colossal figures, by height diminished,
With every lineament finely finished.
Yet all this delicate tracery
Was not for the eyes of mortal made,
For none but God and His angels see
20 The marvelous sculpture there displayed.

Who was the artist whose chisel wrought
Into exquisite work such exquisite thought?
Why did he labor for years and years,
Through days of travailing, nights of tears,

- 25 Under the stars and under the moon,
Dreaming, designing, at morn and noon,
To work these wonders in wood and stone,
Which God and His angels see alone?

- God and His angels!* Behold the key
30 To this strange, unworldly mystery!
That grand old artist, mounted on high,
Like an eagle perched in his eyrie lonely,
Working with hand and heart and eye,
Was working for God and His angels only.

- 35 No mean, self-conscious motive stirred
The tranquil depths of his patient heart;
But praise or censure, alike unheard,
In his chaste communings had no part.
Far, far below him the world was spread,
40 Like a painted picture, small and dim;
And the voice of creatures, the rush and tread
Of the mighty millions, were lost on him.
While the skies bent over him, blue and broad,
So full of the awful, unseen God,—
45 Heaven seemed so near, and earth so far,
No selfish thought could his labor mar.

- Ah! what a lovely moral lies
Hid (like the delicate tracery
On roof and tower and gray belfry
50 Of the old cathedral over the sea)
In its storied legend's dim disguise!

- 'Tis worth an infinite treasure to know
 (Whatever beside should be unknown)
How utterly false and mean we grow,
55 When we work for the eyes of men alone.
How blind and aching our sight becomes,
 With the glare of glory such works may win
 us,
While a selfish purpose narrows and numbs
 All that is noble and fresh within us.
60 'Tis only when self is dead and gone,
 And our souls from the mists of passion free.
That the angels of God come in and crown
 Our labors with immortality.

- O Artists! who work with pencil or pen,
65 With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,—
When you fold your hands at the twilight's
 close,
And muse in your darkened studios,
Do you never consider, once for all,
How that other and deeper night must fall,
70 When earth and the things thereof shall be
Lost, like a dream, in Eternity?
When, shrinking and startled,—with soul laid
 bare,—
The creature shall meet the Creator there,
And learn at the foot of the Great White
 Throne
75 (A truth which should never have been un-
 known)
That nothing avails us under the sun,

In word or in work, save that which is done
For the honor and glory of God alone?

Oh, blessed indeed are the pure of heart!

80 For they shall see God in their glorious art;
And joyous shall be (though the world wax
dim)

If none shall behold them save Him, save Him!
And they are the sculptors whose works shall
last,

Whose names shall shine as the stars on high,
85 When deep in the dust of a ruined past
The labors of selfish souls shall lie.

Brothers! who work with pencil or pen,
With chisel or brush, for the praise of men,
Whate'er ye design, whatever ye do,

90 Seek first the kingdom of God,—and then
All else shall be graciously added to you.
And the moral is yours, which was sent to me
From the old cathedral over the sea.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROBES

The "Legend of the Robes" commemorates an event in the life of Saint Elizabeth, the Landgravine of Thuringia in the early part

Source. of the 13th century. The saint was renowned for her love of the poor for whose relief she had deprived herself of many luxuries befitting her social position. Clad in simplest attire, she spent much of her time spinning for them, and in this occupation she was one day surprised by her husband's announcement of ambassadors from the court of her father, the King of Hungary. Louis desired her not to receive them in the homely apparel she usually wore, but Elizabeth prevailed on him to suffer it and God was pleased to give so extraordinary a loveliness to her person that her husband and the ambassadors alike were amazed at the majesty and beauty of her appearance. This marvellous happening is Miss Donnelly's subject, and in a series of delightfully colored pictures she shows

Purpose. forth the beauty of charity and the recompense accorded the practice of this virtue; how, even in this life, God repays with

the hundredfold what has been given to Him and to His poor; how He will reward by miracle, if need be, the relinquishment of all things for His sake.

The author relates the Legend in the neat style using figures sparingly, yet exhibit-

Style. ing the soul of a musician in her harmonious selection and combination of words. Adjectives in particular are numerous, yet the reader experiences no feeling of "wordiness," for each qualifying element seems like a stroke in careful pen-etching—requisite to make the picture complete. The use of compound expressions, such as "Christ-like," "low-drooping," "heavy-bearded," adds a peculiar charm to the style. The figure occurring most frequently is the simile.

The poem is written in blank verse, that is, meter without rhyme. The usual

Meter. form of blank verse is iambic pentameter, the form prevailing in this selection.

THE LEGEND OF THE ROBES

Elizabeth (by God's dear grace the spouse
Of Louis of Thuringia), sat one day
In the fair quiet of her latticed room.
With Ysentrude—of all her maids best loved—
5 To bear her company.

The pure spring light

Crept through the ancient casement, and
illumed
The noble beauty of the lady's face,
The chaste decorum of her simple robe,
10 Scarce richer than the beggar's russet cloak
On which, with persevering love, she wrought;
Singing the while, with summer in her voice,
Sweet snatches of an old Hungarian hymn,
To which maid Ysentrude held meek refrain,
15 With sweeping lashes and low-drooping veil.
A step pulsed through the hall,—a manly step,—
And in the doorway, framed (a picture fair,)
Duke Louis stood, and smiled upon his spouse,
A tender smile, yet troubled.

20 Up she rose,
The fond Elizabeth, and coming, basked
In the mild lustre of his anxious eye;
The Christ-like pity on her girlish lip
Melting and mixing in her smile of joy;

- 25 While throbbing heart sent up its purest rose
To tremble through the olive of her cheek,
And bid him welcome there.
- “What ill has chanced;
Dear love, to thee or thine, that this calm face.
30 So sad a mask should wear?” The lady asked.
“O spouse Elizabeth! we are undone!
Four envoys from thy father’s court, below,
Come to crave audience with thy gentle self,
Who must respect their plea. What wilt thou
do?
- 35 Thy love of God, and of his precious poor,
Has so inflamed thy generous soul with zeal,
That gems and silken robes are quite forsworn,
And all the pomp of ducal dignity
Sunk in obscure retreat. I do not chide
- 40 Thee, love, fair-blushing, like the morning sky!
Thy rosy charms, to *me*, can deck thee out
In raiment comelier than a queen’s attire.
But if thou givest audience to these men,
Clad, as thou art, in this poor woollen robe,
- 45 They, knowing not the motive of thy deeds,
(That charity which gives, forgetting self,)
Will straightway swell with scandal and depart,
Burning to bruit what gossips burn to hear,
That Louis of Thuringia keeps his bride
- 50 In robes no better than a peasant dame’s!”
With ear attentive to his tender words,
With kindling eye uplifted to his own,
Elizabeth was mute; but now her hand

Fell lightly as a snow-flake on his arm,
55 And through the silence came her silver voice:
"Fret not thy soul, my Louis, with these cares,
But trust in God. Our noble guests are worn
And weary with long travel; do thou go
And bid them welcome to Thuringia's halls
60 Most generous. And when the feast is spread,
I shall attend you there!"

Her glorious smile,
Her pure uplifted brow, o'erawed him,
And he went away communing with her words.
65 —Then knelt the Lady 'Liza where she stood,
Her little hands enclasped, her holy face
Brilliant with some strange lustre as she prayed:
"O Lord! My Crucified! for Thy pure love
I have despoiled myself of royal robes,
70 And put away the vanity of gems!
Listen, O Best Belovéd! in Thy strength,
(Pure as the fleece and generous as the light)
Behold me in my poverty and need,
And make me pleasing in mine husband's eyes!"
75 Circled with veiled maidens, down she went,
Transfigured with the passion of her prayer;
Her soft, slow step is herald to her coming,
And silence chains the lords who grace the
feast.
What 'mazement leaps to light their sluggish
eyes,
80 What wonder parts their heavy-bearded lips!
While Louis folds his arms upon his chest,

Lifts his proud head, and smiles upon his bride.
Her robe of silken sheen flowed o'er her feet
Sweeping the marble floor in waves of light;
85 Clasped at her throat, the yielding mantle
sprung

To flood her graceful shoulders with its folds
Of velvet, azure as a summer's sky.
And, from her head (confined with diamond pins
Which lit her locks as stars the midnight gloom),
90 A fleecy veil fell, shimmering like spray,
Over her blushing cheeks, her pure, clear eyes!
"Sweet wife!" Duke Louis said, the while her
hand

Lay, like a pearl, within his manly palm:—
"Sweet wife!" ('twas but a whisper, yet she
heard,)
95 "Thy face, methinks, doth sparkle like the sun,
And thy rich raiment—?"

Lady 'Liza bowed
Her forehead, like a lily touched with sleep,
And while the color varied in her cheeks,
100 "Great is our God," she said, "and wondrous
are His ways."

LITTLE VESTRY AND THE WHITE SCAPULAR

[The crucial test of that inimitable quality, simplicity, is the power, the "knack," as Steele puts it, of story-telling. "I have often thought," says the same English humorist, "that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet." The same may be said of a story-writer, particularly of a child story-writer. In this amiable rôle, Lamb, Dickens, Kingsley, and Hawthorne have won warmest praise. Here, too, our own author has been singularly successful. As an example of the charming grace with which Miss Donnelly holds the interest of her host of juvenile readers, we quote the following pathetic history of a little boot-black, from her collection, "Amy's Music Box and Other Little Stories and Verses."]

He had "shined" his last pair of boots, just before he turned the corner of an up-town street; and then he came upon a big church with a cross upon its steeple.

It was a warm September night, and the doors were wide open. A flood of light poured from the brilliant altars and many voices were chanting a sweet Latin hymn.

He was a queer, wise-looking little fellow, this brown-faced, grave-eyed Italian boot-black. "Vestry" was the street contraction of his full, musical name, Vito Vestrizzio; and the boys said it just suited him—he was so fond of serving Mass at the Italian Church down town.

Far off in beautiful Genoa his good old grand-

mother (who had reared him) had taught him his prayers and Catechism, and trained him thoroughly in his religion. She had often said to him: "Never pass a church, *figlio mio*, without going in to say one *Ave Maria* that you may die in the grace of God."

He remembered it now, and went in.

The church was full of people, and Vestry, slipping into a back pew, laid his "kit" on the floor. By this time a priest was preaching before a sheine, where the picture of a lovely Madonna and Child was set among banks of lilies and blazing tapers.

Vestry could not understand all he said, but he caught enough to know that he was urging everybody to love Mary, to seek her counsel, to imitate her virtues.

When the sermon was over, men, women and children flocked to the altar rail, and the priest began to give each one a little white Scapular. Vestry longed to go up and get one with the rest, but felt afraid to venture.

And then a wonderful thing happened.

A beautiful young lady near him handed him a Scapular and, smiling, motioned him to approach the altar.

She wore a white gown, and her sweet, rosy face

was shaded by a white leghorn hat, with snowy plumes. Vestry thought she must be an angel, and silently obeyed her.

In a few moments he was kneeling before the lovely shrine, and the priest had thrown the ribbons of the White Scapular around his neck.

The poor little boot-black felt strangely peaceful and happy. He even shed some tears of joy, thinking tenderly of the dear old grandmother at home. He would write to her. She would be glad to know that her *ragazzino* had kept himself from the low vices of the streets and was wearing Our Lady's Scapular.

Was it an hour afterwards (or was it only ten minutes?) that he was crossing the street on his way down town?

What a crowd was gathering! A voice cried "Fire!"—and a patrol wagon dashed with furious speed around a corner.

The bystanders heard a shrill scream of agony, and with blanched faces rushed to lift from the cobble stones a poor, crushed, bleeding little shape, with a boot-black's "kit" slung across its shoulders, and a *small white something* fluttering on its breast.

* * * * *

There was a priest in the accident ward of the State Hospital. He had just given the Last Sacraments to a dying patrolman; and, as he passed to the door between a row of beds, he saw on one of them a little ghastly chap, so blood-stained and bandaged, that he looked like a small wounded soldier.

The priest stooped and read on the chart at the bed-head: "*Vestry, a boot-black, aged 12; compound fracture of, etc., etc.;—contusion of, etc., etc. Supposed to be mulatto. Residence, unknown.*"

From the pillow a queer little foreign face stared up at him, old-fashioned as a brownie's—but with a soft reverence in the velvety eyes.

Could the child be a Catholic? As if in answer to the mental query, the poor little lad thrust his one sound hand into his bosom and drew tremblingly forth—a White Scapular of Our Lady of Good Counsel!

"*Madonna mia!*" he whispered feebly.

The priest fell on his knees beside him. He had studied in Rome, and spoke Italian fluently. Oh! the radiant rapture of the little face when Vestry heard the music of his own tongue and breathed forth his confession in the embrace of those strong, but tender arms.

The absolution was pronounced—the Holy Viaticum administered; and through it all the little Genoese held fast to his Scapular.

“It is a piece of Blessed Mother’s mantle,” he answered quaintly, when the priest asked him why he loved it; and then, “Is Madonna Mary very beautiful? And shall I see her soon, *Padre mio*? Ah! yes,” he sighed, wandering a little: “I am thy child, good Mother! I shall always wear thy Scapular”—(making an effort to lift it to his lips)—“take me—.”

There was an odd catch in the breath, his head drooped and a gray shadow crossed his face.

“Died of shock,” said a passing surgeon.

But there was a tear on the priest’s cheek as he closed the boy’s wide-open lids over that look of admiration and awe as at the sudden sight of something astoundingly new and lovely.

“His eyes have seen the Queen in her beauty!” he murmured; and then reverently laid back the little White Scapular upon the dead child’s breast.

VISION OF THE MONK GABRIEL

'Tis the soft twilight. Round the shining fender,
Two at my feet and one upon my knee,
Dreamy-eyed Elsie, bright-lipped Isabel,
And thou, my golden-headed Raphael,
My fairy, small and slender,

Listen to what befell

Monk Gabriel,

In the old ages ripe with mystery,—
Listen, my darlings, to the legend tender.

A bearded man, with grave but gentle look,
His silence sweet with sounds
With which the simple-hearted spring abounds:
Lowing of cattle from the abbey grounds,
Chirping of insect and the building rook,
Mingled like murmurs of a dreaming shell;
Quaint tracery of bird and branch and brook
Flitting across the pages of his book,
Until the very words a freshness took,—
Deep in his cell
Sate the monk Gabriel.

In his book he read
The words of the Master to His dear ones said:

“A little while and ye
Shall see,
Shall gaze on Me;
A little while again
Ye shall not see Me then.”

“A little while!”

The monk looked up, a smile
Making his visage brilliant, liquid-eyed:

“O Thou, who gracious art
Unto the poor of heart,
“O blessed Christ!” he cried,
Great is the misery
Of mine iniquity;
But would *I* now might see,
Might feast on Thee!”
The blood with sudden start,
Nigh rent his veins apart—
(O condescension of the Crucified)
In all the brilliancy
Of His humanity
The Christ stood by his side!

Pure as the early lily was His skin;
His cheek outblushed the rose,
His lips, the glows
Of autumn sunset on eternal snows.
And His deep eyes within
Such nameless beauties, wondrous glories, dwelt,
The monk in speechless adoration knelt.

In each fair hand, in each fair foot there shone
The peerless stars He took from Calvary:
Around His brow in tenderest lucency
The thorn-marks lingered like the flush of dawn,
And from the opening in His side there rilled
A light, so dazzling that the room was filled
With heaven; and, transfigured in his place,—
His very breathing stilled,—
The friar held his robe before his face,
And heard the angels singing!
'Twas but a moment; then upon the spell
Of that sweet Presence, lo, a something broke;
A something, trembling, in the belfry woke,
A shower of metal music flinging
O'er wold and moat, o'er park and lake and fell;
And, through the open window of the cell,
In silver chimes came ringing.

It was the bell
Calling the monk Gabriel
Unto his daily task,
To feed the paupers at the abbey gate.
No respite did he ask
Nor for a second summons idly wait,
But rose up, saying in his humble way,
"Fain would I stay,
O Lord, and feast alway
Upon the honeyed sweetness of Thy beauty.
But 'tis *Thy* will not mine, I must obey;
Help me to do my duty!"

The while the Vision smiled,
The monk went forth light-hearted as a child.

An hour thence his duty nobly done,
Back to his cell he came.

Unasked, unsought, lo, his reward was won!
Rafters and walls and floor were yet aflame
With all the matchless glory of that Sun,
And in the centre stood the Blessed One,
(Praised be His holy name!)

Who for our sakes our crosses made His own
And bore the weight of shame.

Down on the threshold fell

Monk Gabriel,

His forehead pressed upon the floor of clay;

And, while in deep humility he lay,

Tears raining from his happy eyes away,

"Whence is this favor, Lord?" he strove to say.

The Vision only said

Lifting His shining head:

"If thou hadst stayed, O son, I must have fled."

VISION OF THE WOUNDS

Two Hands have haunted me for days,
Two Hands of slender shape:—
All crushed and torn, as in the press
Is bruised the purple grape;
At work or meals, at prayer or play,
Those mangled Palms I see;
And a plaintive voice keeps whispering,
“These Hands were pierced for thee.”
For me, sweet Lord, for me?
“Yea, even so, ungrateful thing,
These Hands were pierced for thee!”

Thro' toils and dangers pressing on
As thro' a fiery flood,
Two slender Feet beside my own
Mark every step with blood.
The swollen veins so rent with nails,
It breaks my heart to see;
While the same sad voice cries out afresh:
“These Feet were pierced for thee.”
For me, dear Christ, for me?
“Yea, even so, rebellious flesh,
These Feet were pierced for thee!”

As on they journey to the close,
Those wounded Feet and mine,
Distincter still the Vision grows,
And more and more divine;
For in my Guide's wide-open Side,
The cloven Heart I see,
And the tender voice is moved to moan:
"This Heart was pierced for thee."
For me, great God, for me?
"Yea, enter in, My love, Mine own,
This Heart was pierced for thee!"

SIR VERITAS AND THE KING

The courtiers gathered round the throne
and plied the King with praises:

"Wiser art thou than Solomon!" cried
they in fulsome phrases:

"Greater than David in the prime of all his regal
glory;

Braver than he of the feudal time, renown'd in
song and story:

"Thy manly beauty is the theme that thrills the
bards with pleasure;

The wealth of Ind melts like a dream before thy
golden treasure!"

So, link by link, they forged a chain to bind their
royal master

Unto their ends. A cloud of pain, a foreshade of
disaster

Loomed darkly on the monarch's front. He
turned in sudden anger

To one who, silent, bore the brunt of all that
courtly clangor:

Sir Veritas, his oldest knight, his bravest and his
wisest:

"We pray thee, sirrah, speak outright the scorn
thou ill disguisest!

“Silent may fare that tongue of thine, but mute
are not these glances
Which smite our heart with force condign, like
stroke of poison'd lances!
“Speak, Veritas!” The courtier old stood forth
before his fellows,
With brow as stern, with mien as bold, as dauntless
as Othello's:
“I cannot join those sycophants in lauding thee,
my sire;
For indignation's burning lance hath smote me
with its fire.
“If thou wert wise as Solomon, and greater far
than David,
Or hadst thou, lion-hearted one, our cause from
ruin savéd,
“Right gladly would I add my meed to swell thy
tide of glory,
To bid thee live, in word and deed, renown'd in
song and story;
“But hear, O King! the bitter truth from tongue
that ne'er deceived thee—
Thou art a tyrant without ruth—our wrongs have
never grieved thee!
“Thy people's miseries have ne'er divorced thee
from thy treasures,
Their hunger and their gaunt despair have never
dash'd thy pleasures!
“They groaned beneath their weary load; thine
ears have hearkened gaily.

The ocean of their tears hath flowed around thy
footstool daily;

“But thou wert blind, as well as deaf; on Self
thy thoughts were centred;

Lo! to thy closet, hope-bereft, Nemesis now hath
entered!”

Out leaped the great soul of the King, from eyes
with wonder flaming;

He glared around upon that ring of serfs, their
falsehood shaming;

Glared fiercely on those parasites who spake him
but to flatter;

“Come Veritas—reform these knights—whose
coward teeth do chatter!

“Reform them in thy valiant school, wherein are
fashioned heroes;

Who speaks of fame (if knave or fool), confounds
our fame with Nero’s!

“O, Veritas!”—(pride at an end—the strong
man’s tears fast streaming)—

“Praise God for one just, fearless friend, above
all venal scheming!

“Our premier be thou, henceforth, with wisdom
crown’d, and beauty,

Who dared to tell thy King the truth, and nerve
him to his duty.”

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

UNSEEN YET SEEN

-
1. Sketch the life of Eleanor C. Donnelly.
 2. Name her principal works.
 3. What poem of hers is thought to have suggested a theme to Longfellow?
 4. How have the two poems been compared?
 5. Read these poems and tell what *you* think about them.
 6. Quote an estimate of Miss Donnelly and her works.
 7. "Unseen Yet Seen," is a descriptive narrative poem.

A narrative poem is one that relates a story or an event, as Longfellow's "Evangeline," and "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and Scott's "Lady of the Lake." When description is made more prominent than narration, the poem is styled a descriptive narrative; for example, "Whittier's "Snow-Bound," Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and Burns's "Cotter's Saturday Night."

8. Describe the style of the poem, "Unseen Yet Seen;" its meter and rhyme.

9. What is the lesson the writer wishes to teach?
10. Quote the lines that convey her message.
11. *The keynote* of a poem is the idea that predominates the whole, the tone that rings through every strain.

Find the keynote of this poem.

12. Give the meaning and derivation of the word "cathedral."

13. This "old cathedral" was most probably Gothic. What then were its characteristic features?

Gothic Art is that which was invented and used by the people of Northern Europe, who overthrew the Roman Empire. The noticeable features of Gothic Architecture are the prominent towers, the deep

sculptured doorways, the rose windows, the high-pointed arches, and the external buttresses. The medieval cathedrals were adorned with finely-wrought figure sculpture and rich stained glass.

14. What is sculpture?
15. Give a brief account of the greatest Greek sculptor; of three famous Italian sculptors. (See Biographical Notes.)
16. Give the derivation of the word "Madonna."
17. What is meant by "wrought into exquisite work such exquisite thought?"
18. Note the figure of diction in line 22.
19. Who is an artist?
20. Name the fine arts. What are the industrial and liberal arts?

The *fine arts* are those which seek expression through beautiful modes, such as architecture, sculpture, painting, engraving, poetry, music, and dancing. The *useful, mechanical, or industrial arts* are those in which the hands and body are concerned more than the *mind*; as in making clothes and utensils. They are called trades. The *liberal arts* include the sciences, philosophy, history, etc., which compose the course of academical or collegiate education.

21. What are "wonders in wood and stone."?
22. Define "eyrie." Why "lonely?"
23. Explain "working with hand and heart and eye."
24. What is meant by "that other and deeper night?" By the "Great White Throne?"
25. Give a word picture of the third and fourth stanzas.
26. Cite two examples of polysyndeton in the first stanza.
27. What stanza forms a beautiful apostrophe?
28. Classify the figures that occur in lines 7, 12, 14, 32, 36, 40, 57, 61, 69, 71, 84, 85.
29. Point out the alliterations of the poem.
30. What scriptural quotation is the basis of lines 79 and 80? Of lines 90 and 91?

31. Develop the contrast found in lines 83-86.
32. Compare the fourth stanza of this poem with these lines from Longfellow's "Builders:"

In the elder days of Art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part,
For the gods see everywhere.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

The most celebrated of ancient sculptors was PHIDIAS, who lived in Greece about four hundred years before the Christian era. He was designated by Pliny as "before all, Phidias the Athenian." His great work was the ornamentation of the Parthenon with magnificent sculptures, in particular the massive statue of the goddess Athena, within the temple. This statue was forty feet high; the face, neck, arms, hands, and feet were of ivory; the drapery of pure gold.

Prominent among modern sculptors are the Italian artists, Ghiberti, della Robbia, and Michael Angelo.

LORENZO Ghiberti (1378-1455), is immortalized by the bronze doors of the baptistry of Florence, which cost him forty years of labor. Michael Angelo said they were worthy of being the gates of Paradise.

A sculptor of an entirely different kind was LUCA DELLA ROBBIA (1400-1463). He seldom carved a statue. His subjects were designed on a flat surface, and then from this, the figures were raised in marble, stone, or plaster, forming what is called bas-relief. Most of his work was done in clay so hardened and enamelled—by a process now unknown—as to withstand the ravages of time. It has been his secret held by himself, his nephew, Andrea, and said that the sons of the latter, was inscribed on parchment and concealed in some one of the figures. He is best known by his "Singing Boys."

Great as is MICHAEL ANGELO (1474-1564), as a painter, he was scarcely less renowned as a sculptor. His most remarkable work in sculpture is the Julian sepulchre, completed after forty years of toil. The tomb is very small in comparison with the vast dimensions ordered by Pope Julius II, and in passing through the Church of "St. Peter in Chains," one would give it no more than a glance were it not for the marvelous statue of "Moses," which adorns the monument, and which is undoubtedly Michael Angelo's masterpiece in sculpture.

Distinguished among the sculptors of the present time are the American, KARL BITTER, Chief Director of Sculpture at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition, 1904, and AUGUSTUS ST. GAUDENS, an Irish sculptor in America, whose work was brought into prominence at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago, in 1893.

SUGGESTIVE PAPERS

"Unseen Yet Seen," and "The Builders." (A Comparative Study.)

"The Old Sculptor in the Tower." (A Pen Picture.)

"Sermons in Stones."

"Wonders in Wood and Stone."

"Michael Angelo."

"Marvels of Gothic Art."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

THE LEGEND OF THE ROBES

1. When did Saint Elizabeth live?

A famous life of the Saint was written by Montalembert (1810-1870),
a French author.

2. What event in Saint Elizabeth's life forms the subject matter of this poem?

3. Narrate another familiar legend of the Saint.

Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett has written a very pretty modern story based on this event, "Little Saint Elizabeth."

4. Give the definition and derivation of "legend."

5. Classification of "The Legend of the Robes."

This is a metrical tale, a species of narrative poetry. A metrical tale is a short story told in verse. English literature abounds in such poems; for instance, Longfellow's "Wreck of the Hesperus" and "Tales of a Wayside Inn;" Tennyson's "Enoch Arden;" Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales;" "The Angel's Story," by Adelaide Procter; "The Ordeal of Queen Emma," by Harriet M. Skidmore (Marie); and "Borgia's Vow," by Miss Donnelly.

6. Locate Hungary; Thuringia.

7. Politically, is Hungary now what it was in St. Elizabeth's time?

8. Name and define the prevailing style of this poem.

9. Select all the compound adjectives.

10. What figure occurs most frequently?

11. Cite eight examples of this figure.

12. Classify the following figures:

(a) "Singing the while with summer in her voice."

(b) "That this calm face so sad a mask should
wear."

- (c) "Throbbing heart sent up its purest rose
To tremble through the olive of her cheek."
 - (d) "Silver voice."
 - (e) "Her soft slow step is herald to her coming."
 - (f) "Silence chains the lords."
- 13. In what verse and meter is the poem written?
 - 14. Write the scansion of lines 6-11, 31-39, 56-61.
 - 15. Select and memorize three apt quotations.
 - 16. Find the keynote of the poem.

SUGGESTIONS FOR THEME WORK

Sketch of the Life of St. Elizabeth.

Legends of St. Elizabeth.

Review of the Poem.

The Sound Picture of the Poem.

Pen Pictures—The Latticed Room, lines 1– 64.

The Prayer of Faith “ 65– 74.

The Banquet Scene, “ 75–100.

A Portrait of St. Elizabeth.

Read three of the “Tales of a Wayside Inn” and relate each story in your own words.

QUESTIONS AND NOTES

LITTLE VESTRY AND THE WHITE SCAPULAR

1. What Feast was being celebrated on this occasion?
2. Where is Genoa?
3. Upon what does the fame of this city rest?
4. "He remembered it now, and went in." What lesson is taught in these lines?
5. What can we learn from the action of the beautiful young lady?
6. "She would be glad to know that her *ragazzino* had kept himself from the low vices of the streets." This passage brings to mind many beautiful stories of the flowers of virtue that have blossomed in an atmosphere of vice. Suggestive—"How He Kept It White," by Father Finn; "The Circus Rider's Daughter," by F. Braekel; examples from the Bible and history.
7. What are the derivation and meaning of the word, scapular?
8. Give the history of the scapular.
9. Of how many kinds of scapulars do you know?
10. Where is the Shrine of Our Lady of Good Counsel?
11. What legend is associated with the Shrine?
12. When and by whom was the invocation, "Mother of Good Counsel, Pray for us!" inserted in the Litany of Loretto?
13. How many different lessons can be gleaned from this one brief tale?
14. Tell the story of "Vestry and the White Scapular."

MEMORY GEMS

QUOTATIONS FROM MISS DONNELLY

The average woman can have but one mission, one kingdom—that of home.

—*Home, Woman's Sphere.*

Mary's "Magnificat" proves her the first of Christian poets, the wisest of Christian seers. Yet she sang her prophetic song but once, and then only in the privacy of Zachary's home—then only to glorify her God and debase His little handmaid.

—*Ibid.*

"Praise God for one just, fearless friend, above all venal scheming."

—*Sir Veritas and the King.*

A bitter personal experience, the agent of a divine will, and the instrument of a divine grace.

—*A Lost Prima Donna.*

High days and holidays bring with them ever a dangerous atmosphere of temptation.

—*A Funny Story of a Vocation.*

The poor rejoice when they hear her name,
The babes, at her voice, like flow'rets bloom;
She is eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame,
And a star-like presence in hours of gloom;
For she follows the first of the golden laws:
"Forget thyself in thy Master's cause."

—*A Girl Worth Knowing.*

The vexed question of Catholic education finds its best solution at the fireside. The intellect and heart of the Catholic child must be opened, moulded, developed by God's first of teachers, first of preachers, at the altar of the hearthstone.

—*Home, Woman's Sphere.*

And e'en if you drop down unheeded,
 What matter? God's ways are the best,—
 You have poured out your life where 'twas needed,
 And *He* will take care of the rest.

—From *Poems of the Civil War.*

There is a little picture framed in sweet forget-me-nots,
 Which fills within my memory the cosiest of spots;
 It nestles where the sunlight comes, the earliest and the last;
 It is the record of a Day, the dearest in the past.

—*A Red-Letter Day.*

Ah, it is hard to hold our souls in peace,
 To keep our spirits sunny, while these things
 Haunt us like evil birds, and never cease
 Making the sunshine dusky with their wings!
 But there is One who understands it all:
 The Wounded Heart that 'neath the olive-trees,
 And on the Mount, in bitterness let fall
 The secret of Its own vast agonies.
 And we may trust our faults and failures, too,
 Unto His love, as humble children should;
 Content that if all others misconstrue,
 By Him, at least, our hearts are understood.

—*Misunderstandings.*

Look back no more, look back no more,
 To the Past with its pleasures, false and fair;

Beyond with the Blessed we shall find
All that we left, with woe, behind:

Here, grief and shame; peace, glory, *there!*
Lift up your crosses, and leap aboard;

Sing, till the stars shine out above;
Over the River of Suffering,

Princes, we sail to our Father-King,

In His own safe Bark of eternal Love!

—*Crossing the Royal River.*

Blessed be God! we may, our homely duties,

Our commonplace employments, so refine,—

That life will blossom with a thousand beauties,

And swell the chorus with a song divine!

—*The Apostolate of the Weak.*

Life's grandest labors, spiritless and cold,

Are but as dust if not ordained by Thee;

Love's meanest duties turn to purest gold,

Under the touch of Thine all-wise decree.

—*Prayer of the Faithful Soul.*

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